Oregon Voice

PROCESSED

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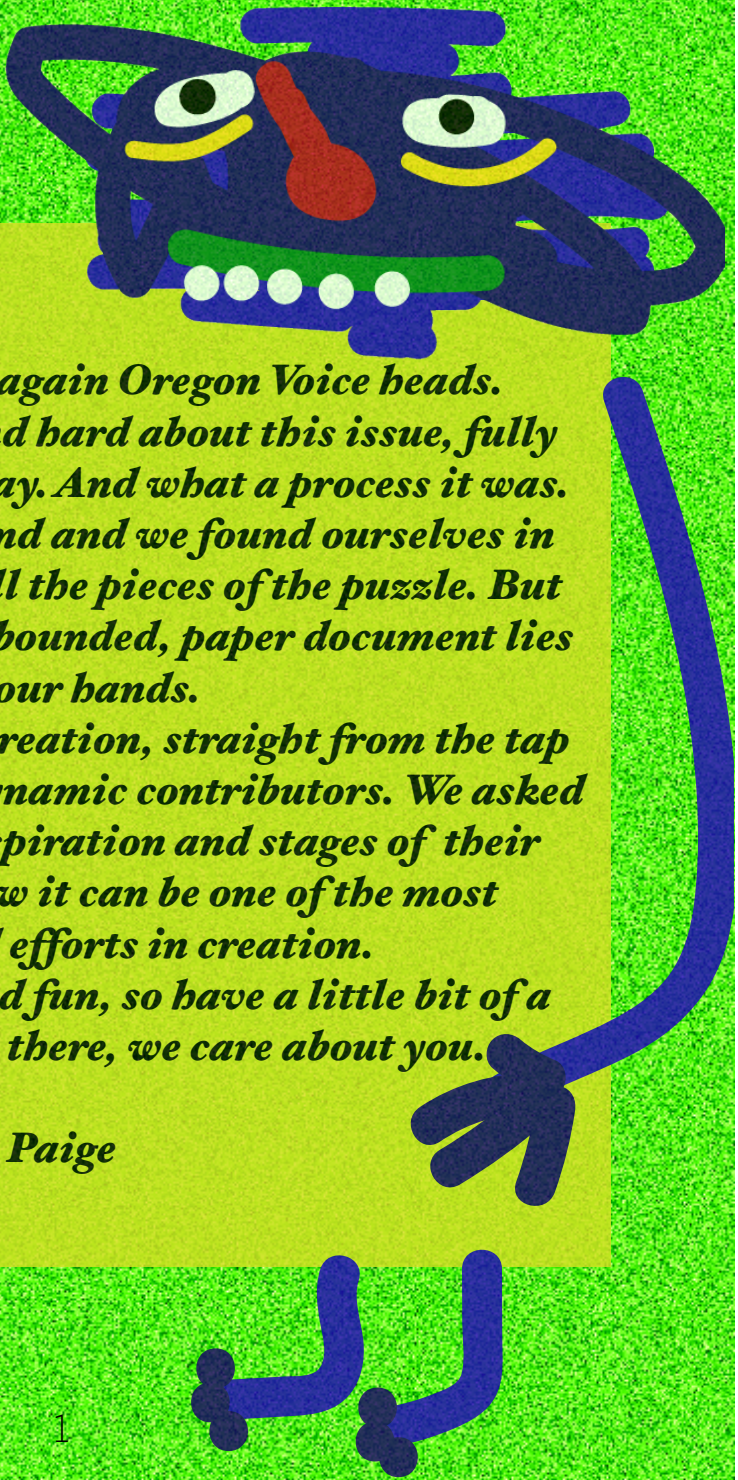
Letter From The Editor

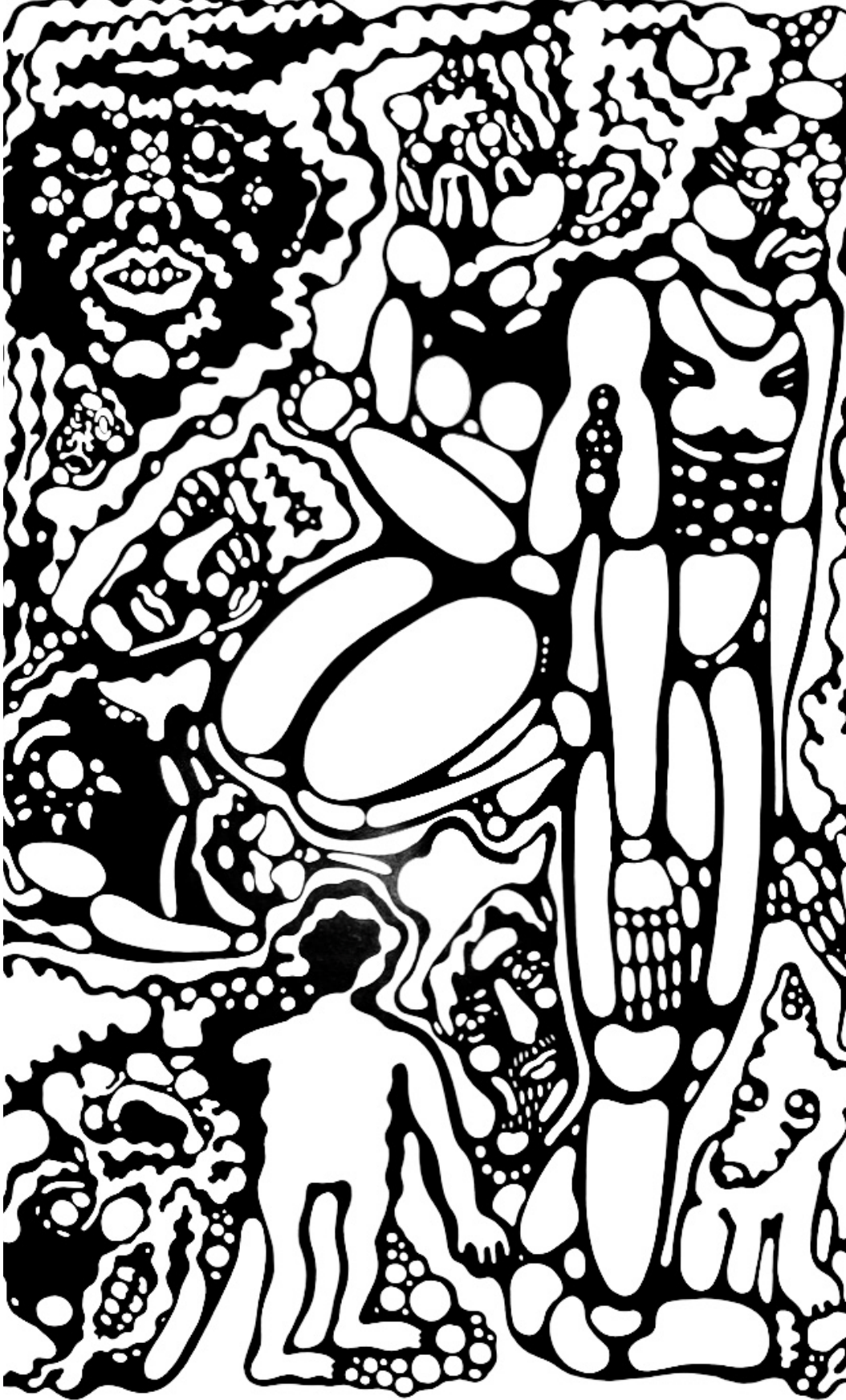


Nice to be with you again Oregon Voice heads. We've thought long and hard about this issue, fully processed it, if I dare say. And what a process it was. Time had dealt it's hand and we found ourselves in the drink, gathering all the pieces of the puzzle. But alas! We resurfaced. A bounded, paper document lies in your hands.

We filled it with pure creation, straight from the tap of this edition's most dynamic contributors. We asked them questions of inspiration and stages of their process, to show how it can be one of the most personalized efforts in creation.

This is going to be good fun, so have a little bit of a read. Stay safe out there, we care about you.

Paige



Sydney's Poster
Simone
Badaruddin

SCHYLER REIS

“I find inspiration in my love of crap (think the knickknack isle in goodwill) , and in the joy I find in giving others gifts. I think to myself “what do I like?” and then I make something I would like to have. Or I think “what would so and so like?” and then I try and make something that so and so would like, and then I give it to them. Since my professional work is in the Natural Sciences, I usually try and create things are that are very much not in that realm (no ceramic graphs), but cross contamination is inevitable.”

For a while I tried very hard to make my pieces more detailed and more refined. One time I spent about half a term working on a miniature bust of myself. When it was fired, maybe due to the a thicknesses differential in some of the walls, or maybe due to hubris, it became twisted and warped. After that I decided I would no longer spend so long on a single piece, since pretty much anything can happen in the magic kiln. Currently I am working more on the wheel, and trying to make some “practical” pieces, like whistles and spoon holders or what not. But I will always have a soft spot for the useless and the impractical (and remember, anything can be a candle holder if you try hard enough).

Schyler Reis
2020

“I try to work in a style known as Alla Prima, an Italian phrase that means “to the first.” This approach is usually applied to painting, where a painting is done with minimal blending and usually is completed in one setting. By applying a modified Alla Prima approach to my ceramic sculptures, I have to make a trade off between taking my time, spending time documenting my work, and getting things detailed and “perfect,” and having free form, more whimsical pieces that may even collapse and fold over their own weight. My Alla Prima pieces rely on bolder marks and a fair degree of chance; I like to look at the clay and let it “tell” me what form it wants to take, and then I go from there.”

by Quaye Meadow

1. *Early Summer*

As I lie in my old twin sized bed, feeling crushed by my sister's bed above me, I reach for the glass of water on my floor. I live in filth in the summers. My body sweats, bloats, and grows and my ego is tainted. I wish I could let go and be bright in the summers, but I just feel so dull. I smile and explore and I think I am joyous. When I return home, that feeling seems to fade. I miss my mother in the sticky and stormy air of Illinois. I miss my space in Oregon, untainted by my past, my old filth which seems to consume me in the summer. I feel layers of grime build up and I can never seem to wash myself clean. I wish to become a part of the Pacific and wash away, to relive the ending of Kate Chopin's The Awakening. Her words consume me. "The voice of the sea is seductive, never ceasing, whispering, clamoring, murmuring, inviting the soul to wander in abysses of solitude." I understand her words when I am in Alaska. We go on the boat and I find myself staring into the nothingness, feeling seduced. And instead of falling in, I return to my little filthy room and attempt to feel something. I am tired of being surrounded by numbness--my own and that of others. I want to feel, even if it hurts. But when I say that, I know I am lying. I am afraid, jealous, ill, and empty. I am filth. I am scum..

2. *Summer Solstice*

I wake in a dark cabin to the smell of sweat and boredom, a typical summer perfume. I've never had a summer that made me feel light and happy. I find the season to be a time of unrealistic expectations and a reality that never seems to suffice. My spring was filled with flings, sweet kisses, and freckles. My summer is filled with work, bonfire smoke, and an irritable depression. I have dreams filled with past lovers—the man who kissed my hand so sweetly when my heavy head rested on his chest and the woman who held my hand and let me touch her delicate lips with mine. They make my nights feel less empty.

3. *Summer Love*

I long to be nurtured. The same way I am nurtured in my mother's home. She licks my wounds clean and wraps her warmth around me. I long for her affection. I long for any affection, but I seem to reject most. I don't want to be touched because it makes me miss more, yearn for more. Yet I wish to be caressed in dark places, to be hidden from the light of day. I wish to lick the lips of someone who I barely know. I wish to be consumed so I can no longer feel what I feel now. But, I have learned to be complacent. I am learning to lick my own wounds.

4. *Hot Girl Summer*

A moment of relief passed over me when I awoke from a nightmare where my belly grew. I have an empty uterus and I am free. I am weighed down by my own fertility, yet I want to love someone in the way my mother loves me. I am too selfish for motherhood, or at least that's what some think. Maybe one day I will want to grow a life with someone, but that possibility seems so distant and like another person's future, not mine. I don't feel worthy of motherhood because I don't yearn for it like others. I wish to nurture like my mother. To help a person grow. Nurturing myself is the best I can do.

5. Summer Legs
The scar on my knee when I fell running past him mocks me. He glanced at me and I stared at him. A purple and red mark that needs months to fade. My friend's grandmother tells me it looks like a heart, a love scar. Her father shows me a similar mark on his leg, a shared moment that brings me comfort. He asks about me in a way my father hasn't.

6. Midsummer Feast
How can I miss the taste of something I've never eaten? Those who I've tasted have been filled with ingredients that spoil my health. I wish to consume and be consumed. I long for someone to scratch my scalp and pull my hair. To be reminded of my existence so I can smell the sourness of their breath and the filth under their nails. I want to brush their nails clean so when they scratch I can smell myself. My flesh under their nails, my filth in their filth.

7. Her Summer
The drive is misty and she unloads her anxieties. How can I make her feel good? How can I heal her wounds? Being needed feels so good, I want to kiss her and make her all better. I want to lick her wounds and hold her—I can't. I stare. I get overwhelmed. Over intellectualized feelings fill my head and I get dizzy. I am an emotional statue mirrored by another.

8. My Summer
I weep for summer in the same way I weep for the boy who accidentally said "I love you." The soft touch of the air on my dry and scarred skin soothes me and I dread the brisk wind that will soon harden my lips and erase my freckles. The coarse Alaskan sand coats my boots and carries itself into my rooms—it lingers. Summer was not kind to me, just as his words were hollow, said out of habit. I feel most beautiful by the sea. I wish others could see me like this, like myself.

artwork by
Shalom Yemane

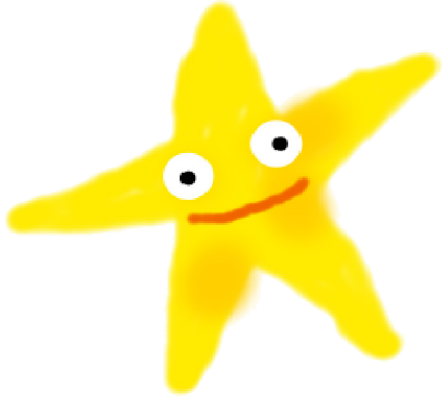
WAIT.
PROCESSING.

yemane

Documenting The Artistic Process

photos and quotes by
Sage Kosmala

“I am such a chaotic person. And I think that really translates into the things I make as well as my physical process for making pieces. I’m consistently running around my house or the studio grabbing something new to try and always anxiously trying to improve upon my work.”



“I’ve gotten super into documenting my process! I feel like a journalist or something LOL. But that’s something super exciting for me right now. To be photographing the actions leading up to what I present.”

Michael Coux Multimedia

IS THIS
GAY
ENOUGH?

this or

CHILI DOG

Lady Gaga in her meat dress

salting food With tears

elmer’S gluE

GOLDILOCKS breaking and entering

napping in Your Jeans

TUMS

peNne

Deep Fried Oreos

that

THE GYM

David Guetta saying “This One goes out to George Floyd”

holding it aLL back

Gorilla GluE

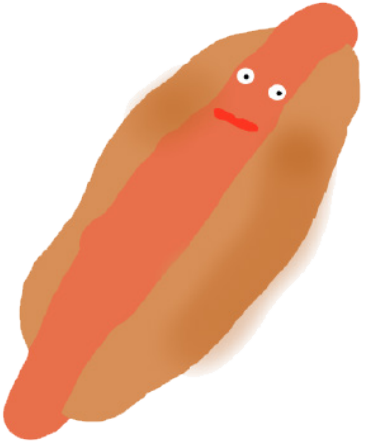
the Big Bad Wolf huffing and puffing

putting on Comfy Clothes First

PEPTO-BISMOL

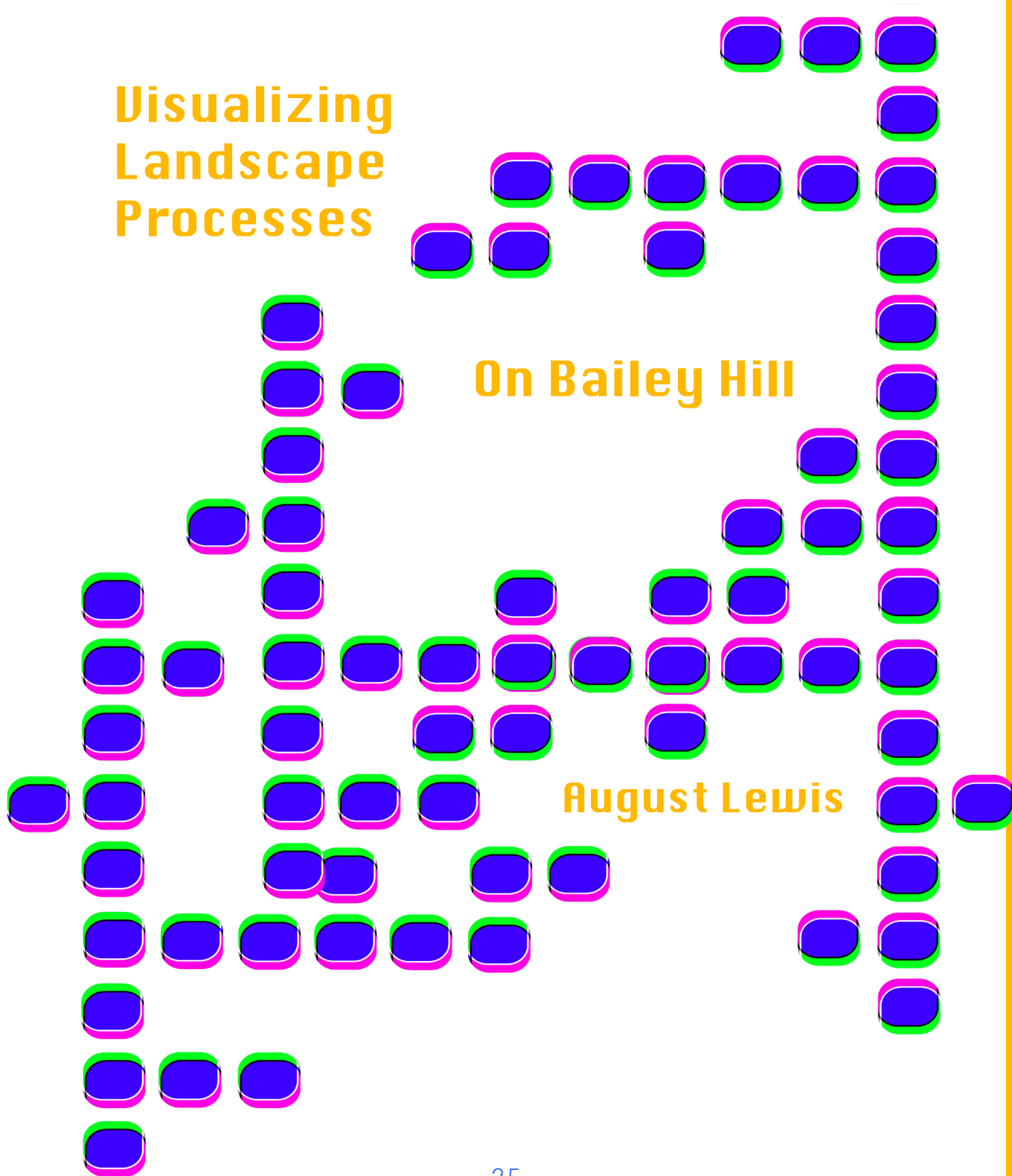
fuSilli

Deep Fried Memes

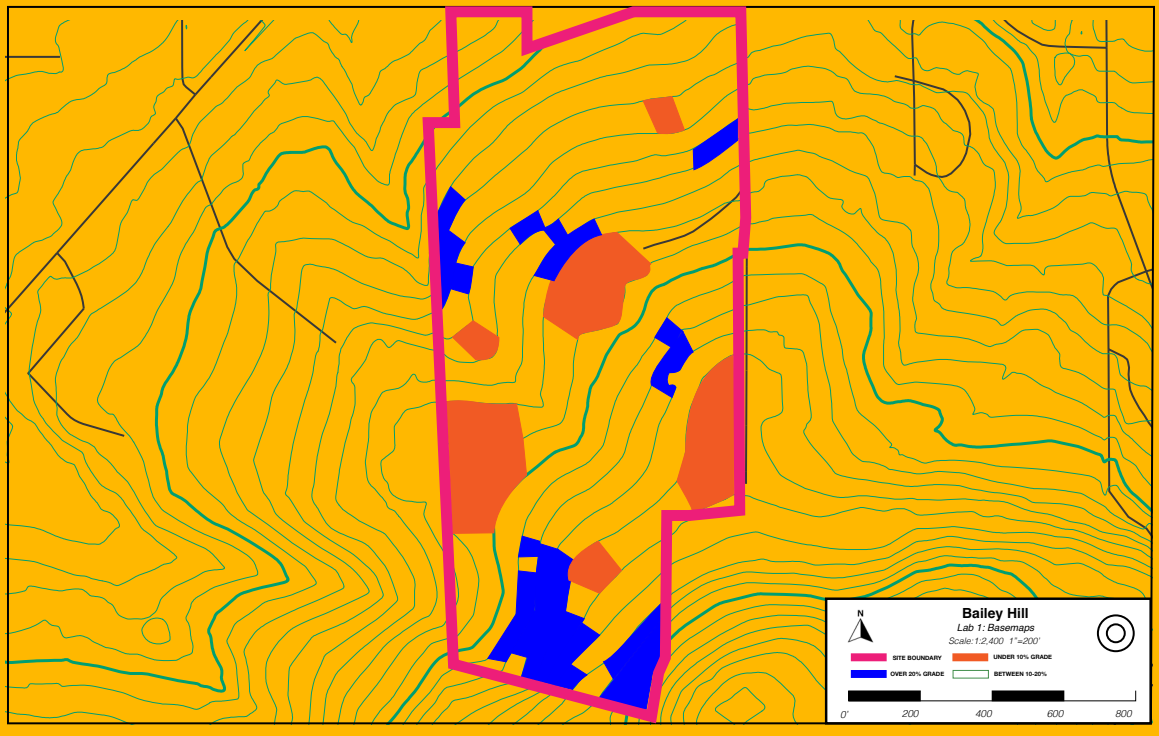


Visualizing Landscape Processes

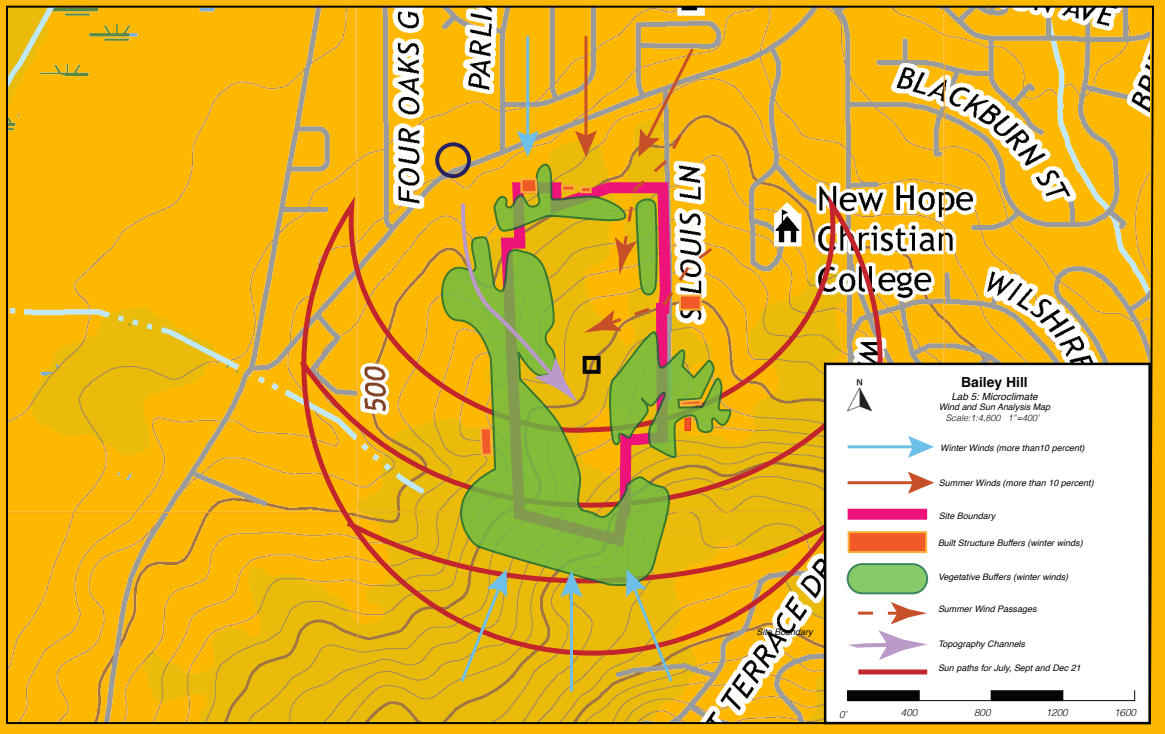
On Bailey Hill



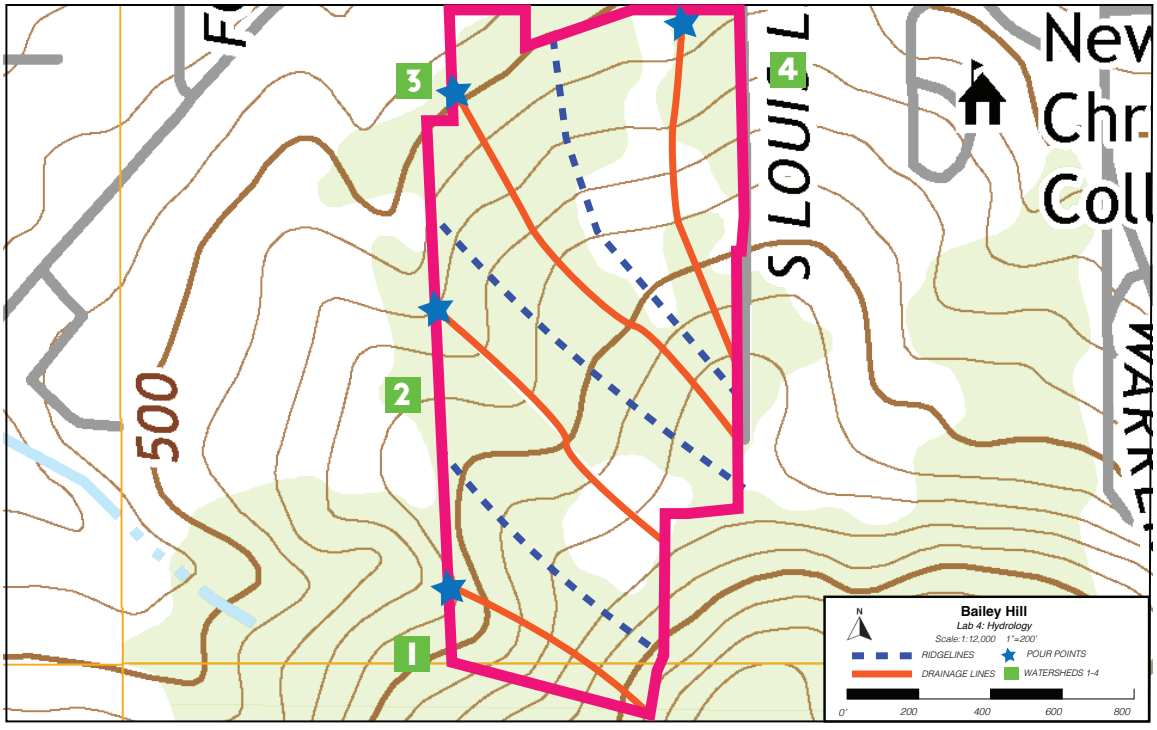
August Lewis



On Bailey Hill, the topography and slope. All slopes that are 10% in gradient, slopes between 10-20%, and slopes greater than 20% shown.



The winter and summer wind directions, winter buffers, and summer passages, as well as the sun's path for June 21, September 21, and December 21, for a relative 100x100 lot on the site.



All the watersheds on the site, including ridgelines, drainage lines/streams, and exit points.

The ones I've carried and the fours I've multiplied

By Lisa Deluc

He'd started cutting his own hair to save money. I'd noticed it looked bad but I hadn't said anything. The waitress with the large hips chewing fruit-flavored gum sat us down at the darkest table. I knew she'd done so because his hair was bad.

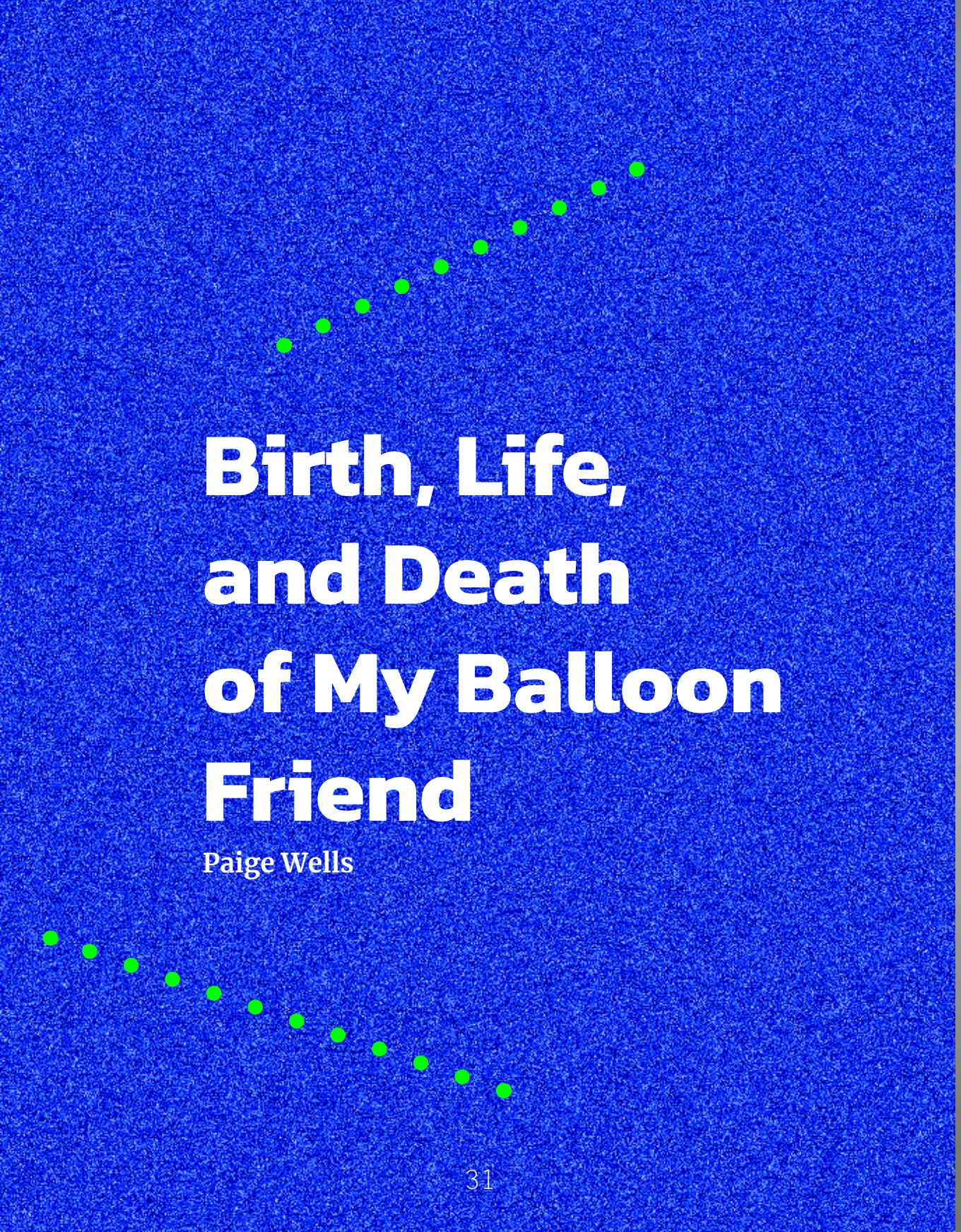
My father was always cold. He had thyroid issues that were never resolved but instead
alleviated by the rotation of several medicines and supplements each one coming and going with its own carousel of side effects. Migraines, cold sweats, heart palpitation, weight gain, weight loss, etc. I was privy to each and every detail because my father had no friends. He'd befriended the man who sold him cigarettes two months ago.
"You are the first friend I have had since I graduated from college", he told him as he handed him his pack of lucky strikes.
The man smiled. The man had many other friends.

My father ordered carbonara. I bit my lip to avoid nagging about excess fat and salt in his diet. "This is the first time I've had carbonara since I graduated from college", he told me.
My mother used to complain that my father's carbonara made her fat in college.
"I was fat."
It's true she was fat. Now she does jumping jacks. And has a new boyfriend that doesn't eat
processed foods.
"It's poison for your blood", he says.

"I couldn't get the flea medication on the cat", my father told me between bites.
"She kept scratching and hissing."
He took another bite.

“Your mother had to come by the house to do it.”
I nodded and took another bite of my sirloin. It was overcooked and smelt old. I added steak
sauce to my immediate regret.
“It’s the first I’ve seen of her in five months.”
I avoided looking at my father. His eyes were smaller than last time. They seemed to keep
getting smaller. Maybe it’s a side effect of the medication. He says he hasn’t been sleeping right.
I know it’s from crying.
I told him about my new job. I did not tell him I had already slept with the manager. I did not tell
him he was 42 and married with a kid. The kid’s name is Starla. Starla is a rabid rat. My boss
thinks Starla is the most special thing in the world. I only hope my father does not think I’m
special. I suspect he knows I’m a flake by now.
I asked him for a lucky strike when we got home. He said no. So I asked again. He slid the pack
over to me with the brown Bic lighter. I told my dad he should get a Shiba Inu. He used to want
one but my mom wanted a terrier. We got a terrier.
“I don’t want another dog”, he said.

My eyes feel dry from the cigarettes. This isn’t my brand. I’m trying to think of questions to ask
him. I think his eyes have gotten smaller. They’ll be gone by morning.
“I’ll go pick up some croissants in the morning if you want”, he said.
“I’m going to the gym tomorrow morning first thing”, he said. He’s doing mental math.
Calorie algebra. I used to do it too. When I went to public high school.
I kissed him goodnight but my eyes are still dry. I’m going to sleep but not well. I hate being in
this house. On the walls, under thick coats of impulsive paint, I can see the ones I’ve carried
and the fours I’ve multiplied. I lost my virginity on this bed. Neither of us finished. The garage
door opened four minutes after we started.
When I wake up tomorrow morning my father’s eyes will be gone.
People always said I had my father’s eyes.



Birth, Life, and Death of My Balloon Friend

Paige Wells

Cycle of the Heart

Cycle of the Heart

by Sophie Glad

First you're in seventh heaven;
You're a dog with a bone and
Your teeth leave deep impressions.
Every movement has its right place but
You're numb to the blood on your face.

It's all innocuous, being this a flutter,
Melty, warm and young,
Teeth and tongue gliding through butter.
It doesn't get any better, does it?
Blood's still on your face, but you're not wrong.

Now here comes the first strike:
It's tepid and yet you still grow trepid,
And mournfully you start to gripe
About this damned dent in your Divine.
This isn't the end, just something terribly new.

And finally after the striking comes the stripping,
The ripping of strings of the
Heart. Body and mind peel outward,
Sinews suffer false starts.
Now is the dead end; so begins the cyclical art.

Traditional Udon Soup

written and prepared by
Nina Winitz

INGREDIENTS

Soup Broth

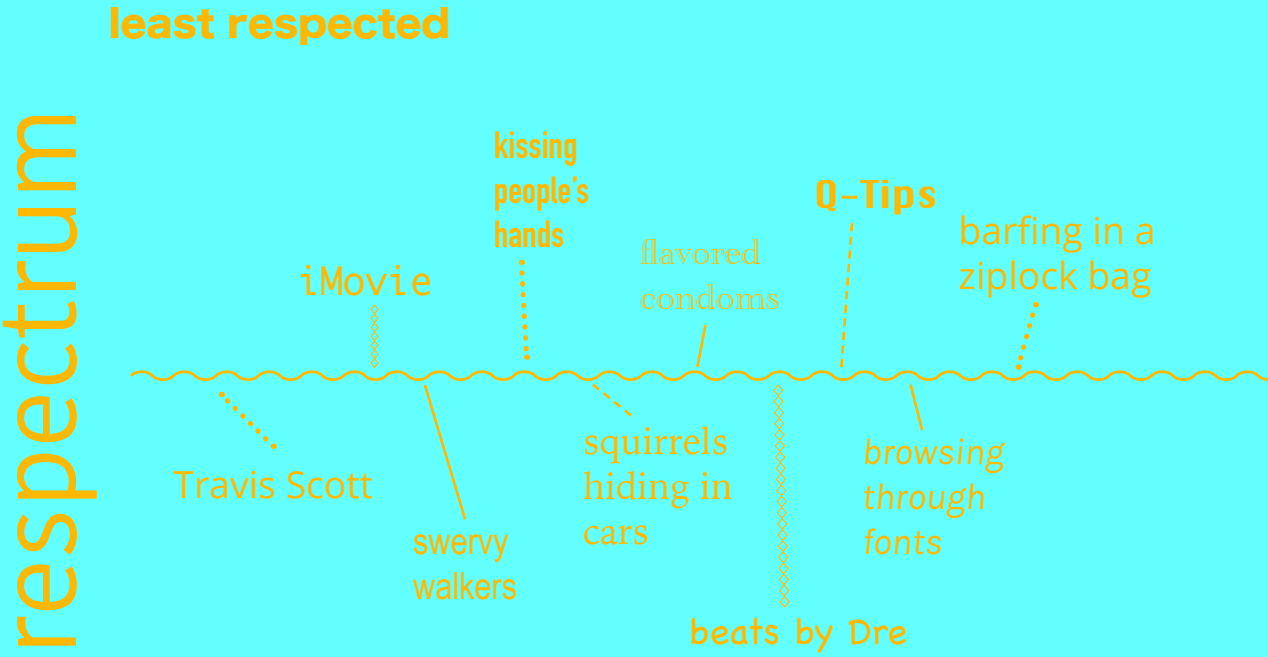
- 2 1/4 dashi
- 1tbsp mirin
- 1 tsp sugar
- 1 tbsp usukuchi
- 1/2 tsp salt

Kitsune Udon

- 2 servings (180 grams) of udon noodles
- 4 inori age (seasoned fried tofu)
- 1 scallion
- Japanese 7 spice (season to your liking)

PREPARATION

1. Bring a large pot of water to a boil.
2. Add and cook udon noodles until the outside looks gelatinous.
3. Strain the noodles.
4. In a pot add the dashi, mirin, sugar, usukuchi, and salt. Bring to a boil.
5. Once boiling, bring it down to a simmer.
6. Chop scallion finely.
7. Assemble udon noodles and soup into a bowl,
8. Top with scallions, inori age and Japanese 7 spice.


least respected
respectrum
Travis Scott
iMovie
swervy walkers
kissing people's hands
squirrels hiding in cars
flavored condoms
beats by Dre
Q-Tips
browsing through fonts
barfing in a ziplock bag

most respected

EMU Starbucks employees

freed Britney!

french horn player of UO cemetary

wordle

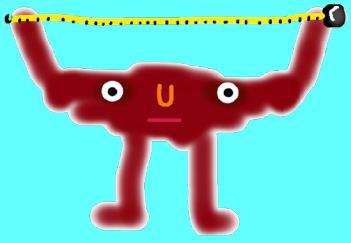
cousin Greg from Succession

Kim K lawyering

stickers

persimmon season

getting boosted



gah!

a performance

by
Brianna
Sundquist

“For this piece, I crammed all my work into a single week. Typically I take one image or concept and play with it enough that it develops into something indirect compared to the initial concept. This work’s image was a Rube Goldberg machine, and I developed each dancer’s material from this idea. I gave my dancers each a specific part of the machine to embody, and we developed material within these parameters.”

“Over time I have become more flexible with narratives and driving concepts. I don’t stay “married” to an idea if it isn’t progressing in the way I imagined.”

“I like the part of the process when I am done and I can just watch the piece without thinking about what to do next, or what I should have done instead. Everything looks better with stage lighting, so this part is typically the most rewarding as well.”

by Carly Osborne

The mannequin was too anonymous to inspire, so our teacher declared. Who could model? My hand shot up, independent of my sensible mind. Mrs. Clark handed me a wilted rose and the class groaned. Roses are really hard to draw.

I straightened my back and let my hair fall over my shoulders. I leaned on the edge of a desk, facing the window. Outside, a girl was cradled in the rain-soaked bones of an oak tree, holding a bright green windbreaker above her head to keep dry. Her cheeks were flushed; she looked alive.

Charcoal dragged across twenty notepads simultaneously. It sounded like brooms sweeping tile, a dull, repetitive process that would result in twenty reproductions of my image. I couldn't face the artists and their probing eyes, so I focused on the windbreaker girl. I would have liked to paint her in watercolors as a science experiment, to see if she could be diluted.

The period passed quickly. When the bell rang, I rushed to the clothesline where the drawings were hung. My pulse slowed.

Every portrait was different, and not just different in skill level or style. The subjects were different people altogether. One had a wide grin with gaps in her teeth. One had plump, pursed lips. One had lines all over her face like she had already lived a full life. Another had so much highlight on her nose and cheeks it looked like her head was wrapped in cellophane. I couldn't look for long before I had to walk away.

The hallway was empty except for a couple of kids playing with a deck of cards. I looked at the identical faces of the cards spread over the floor. The girl was still under that red oak when I got in my car. The colors of the drive home were biblical; Easter pastels. I had been to church before. They said drawing in the Bible was dishonoring God. I wondered why, until the day I modeled. There was a danger in casual creation. The danger of being misunderstood.

That evening, I swore I saw the windbreaker girl at my bedroom window. I wanted her to look right through me, but her eyes locked on my body. She was reading me. And she was writing a new me. Her irises bloomed and died and re-bloomed cyclically as she stood there, leaning against the glass. The petals of her gaze were burying me alive. I shut the blinds. I wanted her gone.

When she had looked at me, I could tell that I was someone else entirely, a mystery, and I was scared. I don't know. I always had this image-- they gave me this image-- of the beginning. Someone molding me with clay. A creator with a vision. Of me. Someone spinning me around on a plate, sculpting a waist.

But I wasn't a doll after all.

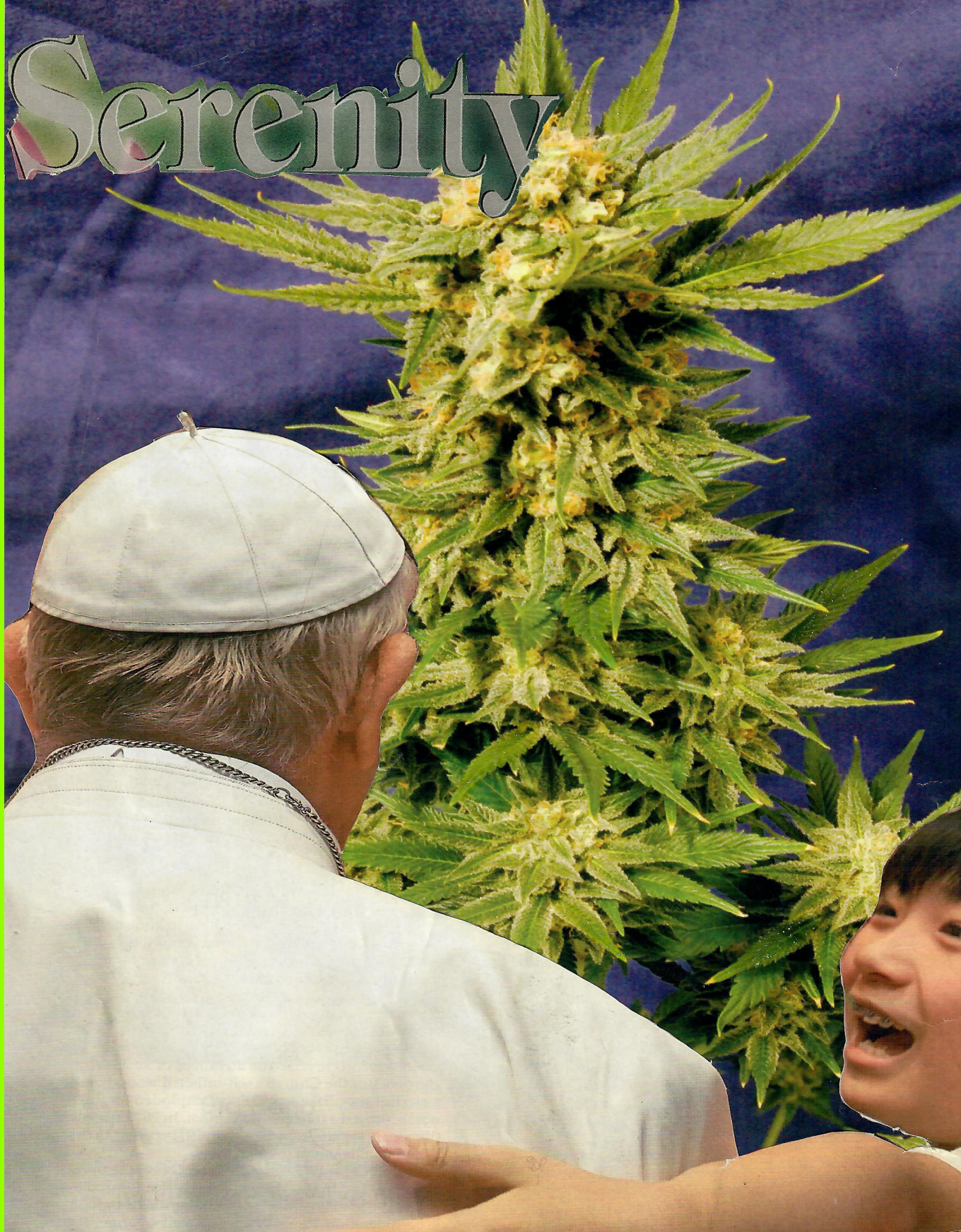
emily rowe

“Normally, I start with going through magazines and finding individual photos that I think look like they would be fun to modify and put a spin on. I normally spend a lot of time doing this, on the ground with everything surrounding me. Once I’ve decided which parts I’d like to use, I start cutting and gluing and just honestly making a mess out of the place. The process is important to me, every single aspect of it holds an impact on the final piece. One small decision changes the entire outcome. I really try to make things for my own enjoyment, something that I can look at and smile about.”

Bug
Emily Rowe

“I like all of the different aspects that influence what I’ve made. I got a lot of the media I use from my grandma, she always saves all of her magazines for me to use. She was my biggest artistic inspiration growing up, so it’s really special to me that she holds a place in my art.”

Serenity
Emily Rowe

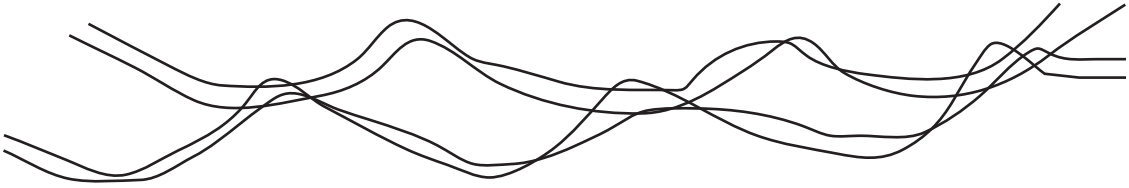

Serenity

LIFE PRESERVER

“I have found a lot of importance in self satisfaction. I used to worry a lot about whether or not I thought other people would enjoy the art I was making and was always too shy to share it. Now I make art for myself and have found my own peace and confidence within my work.”

Life Preserver
Emily Rowe

eva morris



“For this piece I wanted to use materials that felt unnatural when handling on a loom and woven in a tapestry. The tubing sometimes felt like wrestling with an animal, it would curl and slither out of my hands. I left the edges raw to play off this feeling. I like the electrocuted quality of each piece. Connecting them felt right to express a body or landscape grappling with an imposed order.

If I had to name it I would probably name it *powerlines.* ”